Estuary Of Sanded Colloids

Aerial view of scarred earth. Not blackened, but dredged, ditched. Again, no water, no liquid. There should be evidence of water from this high up. The picture is a still shot, not moving as a video taken from a plane or drone. A satellite image in average resolution. There is green. No blue or mud. No flowout from the trenches. Brown and green and shadows for too many miles.

Some of my family was there watching Kitty Genovese, they talked to their palms about it. Then

they bought tickets to a gun show. Sponge was playing and there were free fish samples from all the leading purveyors. Fuel was cheaper and travel was more prevalent in those days. Follow the tracks to the waterfront and the Church of the Starry Wisdom is on the right. Don't blink too much, you might miss it, like those faces on the milk cartons.

Razing of structures. Shards of data strewn like broken viruses. Like people at their most common and most glorifyingly ugly. Painted white brick edifice burned black at the now exposed seams...mortar like wounds...was this a school...or a prison...or a church...or a waterworks? Was this the result of a game? There is no blood, only remains of structures. No oil. No liquid or evidence of it. Tubes, pipes, rebar. Estuary of sanded colloids. No blood. No graves, no need. Why am I seeing these things?

"I think I've figured out a way," he intoned, sounding almost bored, or maybe reminiscing about the process that led up to it, "to erase the ability of the human species to feel happiness. Within a few generations."

She is naked, laying in a bathtub full of now room temperature water, headphones on and head listing to one side. She opens her eyes and stares at the line where the water meets the side of the tub. Neither a smile nor a grimace expresses itself on her petite lips.

60 cycle hum. Greenish grey and transparency flashing in slow strobe. Looking down from a reclined seated position I watch her too thin arm and hand come to rest deliberately over mine - the right ones - fingers curling around the repeated use injury incurred from using a mouse so long. There is no tactile sensation. Nothing is felt. Nothing sounds. I know that we are dead. This does not disturb or surprise me. Nothing else is seen or heard or experienced in any way before all thoughts end. I hate dreaming while asleep.

Burning taste in morning's breath. Right angled concrete architecture walls away the horizon. Everything now is close, touchable, if necessary. Rhythms exist in the institutional air conditioning, piped above as the replacement of sky.

Anhedonia set in long ago but went unnoticed because I no longer cared to visit those places. There is a plan I've made. Following it, with varying intensity but constant attention. There is nothing else that occupies my time. When the next step is complete, I depart, lighter of load still. So few material things own me.

Words in mouths my invention as I watch the tongues and teeth wiggle. There is no

one else anywhere, only a memory. Mirrors act as windows.

Entertainment is a menu loaded with painful memories. Scrolling lists of movies or songs recalls the first time I experienced them, always so much happier than any moment close to now. Only hatred and creation exist. Humans always choose the worst possible outcome. Even food has become a non-event, a nuisance. Cans of nondescript glop noshed cold with plastic spoon. Taste and smell retreating with the rest of identifying trademarks.

Sleep is continuous, waking hours few and an interruption. Dreams have always been unbearable. It is fitting that horror while resting punctuates the quiet horror manifested invisible to all but me while awake. Comfort has escaped my grasp for years, its memory another listed item to avoid. I've stopped recoiling in disgust when someone touches me - the flesh clinging to my bones long since putrefied by venom and just as incapable of feeling as the mind that propels it.

My only activity counting the sounds heard while conscious, like cartoon sheep vaulting a wooden fence in a thought bubble, knowing these are among the last, and this number is finite, approaching zero.

From the stars death came

Reality presents itself

Forcing us to revisit the past

Once again we face extinction

The end of days is drawing near

Reaching near and far for solutions

Apocalyptic

Solar system ballistics

Projected to hit the sea

Embracing the truth

Of failing this world

With lack of knowledge to curve this tragedy

Colossal cosmic collisions causes

A shaping of a new world

As the nights grow colder by this arctic shift

Vibrations moving slower transitions settle in

Eternal frost is triggered by absent light

Evidence of existence concealed in ice

Tonight's the night of impact

From the skies fire rains

Piercing through the surface

From the stars death came

- Allegaeon

From The Stars Death Came